

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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T. R. WALTON, — Business Manager

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THE BAD BOY.

"Well, how is the baby?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the grocery smelling very "honey," and sat down on the chair with the back gone, and looked very tired.

"O, darn the baby. Everybody asks me about the baby as though it was mine. I don't pay no attention to the darn thing, except to notice the foolishness going on around the house. Say, I guess that baby will grow to be a fire engine. The nurse coupled the baby on a section of rubber hose that runs down into a bottle of milk, and it began to get up steam and pretty soon the milk began to disappear, just like the water does when a fire engine couples on to a hydrant. Pa calls the baby 'Old Number Two.' I am 'Number One,' and if pa had a hook and ladder truck and a horse-cart and a fire gong, he would imagine that he was chief engineer of the fire department. But the baby kicks on this milk wagon milk, and howls like a dog that's got lost. The doctor told pa the best thing he could do was to get a goat, and pa said since we initiated him into the Masons with the goat he wouldn't have a goat around no how. The doctor told pa the other kind of a goat, I think it was a Samanthe goat he said, wouldn't kick with its head, and pa sent me up into the Polack settlement to see if I couldn't borrow a milk goat for a few weeks. I got a woman to lend us her goat till the baby got big enough to chew beef for a dollar a week, and paid a dollar in advance, and pa went up in the evening to help me get the goat. Well, it was the darndest mistake you ever see. There was two goats so near alike you couldn't tell which was the goat we leased, and the other goat was the chum of our goat, but it belonged to a Irish woman. We got a bed cord hitched around the Irish goat, and that goat didn't recognize the lease, and when we tried to jerk it along it rared right up, and made things real quick for pa. I don't know what there is about a goat that makes it get so spunky, but that goat seemed to have a grudge against pa from the first. If there was any places on pa's mainly form that the goat did not explore with its head, pa don't know where the places are. O, it hammed him, and when I laffed pa got mad. I told him every man ought to furnish his own goats, when he had a baby, and I let go of the rope and started off, and pa said he knew how it was, I wanted him to get killed. It wasn't that, but I saw the Irish woman that owned the goat coming around the corner of the house with a cistern-pole. Just as pa was getting the goat out of the gate the goat got crossways of the gate, and pa yanked, and doubled the goat right up and I thought he had broke the goat's neck; and the woman thought so too, for she jabbed pa with the cistern-pole just below the belt, and she tried to get a hold on pa's hair, but he had her there. No woman can get the advantage of pa that way, for ma has tried it. Well, pa explained it to the woman, and she let pa off if he would pay her two dollars for damage to the goat, and he paid it; and then we took the nanny-goat, and it went right along with us. But I have got my opinion of a baby that will drink goat's milk. Gosh! It is like this stuff that comes in a spoiled coconut. The baby hasn't done anything but bloat, since the nurse coupled it on to the goat hydrant."

I had to take all my playthings out of the basement, to keep the goat from eating them. I guess the milk will taste of powder and singed hair, now. The goat got to eating some Roman candles me and my chum had laid away in the coal-bin, and showed them around the furnace, and the powder leaked out and a coal fell out of the furnace on the hearth, and you'd a died to see pa and the hired girl and the goat. You see, pa can't milk nothing but a milk wagon, and he got the hired girl to milk the goat; and they was just hunting around the basement for the goat, with a tin cup, when the fire-works went off. Well, there was balls of green, and blue,

and red fire, and spilled powder blazed up, and the goat just looked astonished and looked as though it was sorry so much good fodder was spoiled; but when its hair began to burn, the goat gave one snort, and went between pa and the hired girl like it was shot out of a cannon, and it knocked pa over a wash-boiler into the coal bin, and the hired girl in among the kindling wood, and she crossed herself, and repeated the catechism; and the goat jumped up on top of the brick furnace, and they couldn't get him down. I heard the celebration, and went down and took pa by the pants and pulled him out of the coal-bin, and he said he would surrender, and plead guilty to being the biggest fool in Milwaukee. I pulled the kindling wood off the hired girl, and then she got mad, and said she would milk that goat or die. O, that girl has got sand. She used to work in the glass factory. Well, sir, it was a sight worth two shilling admission to see that hired girl get up on a step ladder to milk that goat, on top of the furnace with pa sitting on a barrel of potatoes, bossing the job. They are going to fix a gang plank to get the goat down off the furnace. The baby kicked on the milk last night. Well, they can run the baby and goat to suit themselves, 'cause I have resigned.

"I have gone into business. Don't you smell anything that would lead you to surmise that I had gone into business? No drug store this time, and the boy got up and put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and looked proud.

"O, I don't know as I smell anything, except the faint odor of a horse blanket. What you gone into anyway?" and the grocery man put the wrapping paper under the counter, and put the red chalk in his pocket, so the boy couldn't write any sign to hang up outside.

"You hit the first time. I have accepted a situation of teller in a livery stable!" said the boy, as he searched around for the barrel of cut sugar, which had been removed.

"Teller in a livery stable! Well, that is a new one on me. What is a teller in a livery stable?" and the grocery man looked pleased, and pointed the boy to a barrel of seven cent sugar.

"Don't you know what a teller is in a livery stable? It is the same as a teller in a bank. I have to grease the harness, oil the buggies, and carry off the horses, and when a man comes in to hire a horse I have to go down to the saloon and tell the livery man. That's what a teller is. I like the teller part of it, but greasing harness is a little too rich for my blood, and the livery man says if I stick to it I will be governor some day, 'cause most all the great men have begun life taking care of horses. It all depends on my girl whether I stick or not. If she likes the smell of horses I shall be a statesman, but if she objects to it, and sticks up her nose, I shall not yearn to be governor, at the expense of my girl. It beats all, don't it that women settle every great question. Every body does every thing to please wimmin, and if they kick on anything that settles it. But I must go and umpire that game between pa and the hired girl and the goat. Say, can't you come over and see the baby?

"Tain't bigger than a small patchel," and the boy waited till the grocery man went to draw some vinegar when he slipped out and put up a shingle with white chalk, "yellow sand wanted for maple sugar." —Peck's Sun.

Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, says: "The stars that are visible to the naked eye number about 6,000, and there are but about 1,000 others visible in the Southern hemisphere that do not come within the range of vision of people in this State. By the use of an opera glass, the number of stars visible is increased to about 300,000, and the most powerful telescope brings to view 50,000,000 or 60,000,000, a number which, compared with the immensity of space, is not so very wonderful. Of these stars, about 600,000 are mapped and located, and their number is being added to continually."

A Georgia girl is engaged in the task of eating four large onions, 200 green apples and two bottles of pickles a day. Her friends have no fear that she will fail in the undertaking.

Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

MRS. PHIL THOMPSON TALKS.
And Her Story gives the Lie Direct to Miss Buckner.

For some reason, Mrs. Phil Thompson has been kept from the reach of newspaper reporters, by the threats of the Thompson family, it is said, but a Louisville Post reporter by a little strategy, succeeded a few days ago in getting from her own lips, her version of the unfortunate affair in Cincinnati. Mrs. Thompson was found at the house of Mrs. Walter Davis where the interview took place. The reporter says:

When the correspondent called at the slain man's late home he was ushered into the library, where were seated Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Walter Davis, Mrs. Latham, sister-in-law of Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Gov. Robinson, mother of the fair young widow. It was a pitiful picture. Mrs. Davis contrasted strongly with Phil Thompson's wife. The former is young and fair. She is a typical blonde, with a pair of beautiful blue eyes and a sweet, innocent expression, which has become intensified by the sorrow and suffering of the past few weeks. Mrs. Thompson has been a very handsome woman, and a few traces of her once remarkable loveliness still remain. The most casual observer would notice that she has prematurely aged, and the history of her married troubles are told in that care-worn countenance. The two women whose lives have been wrecked by the same horrible tragedy, sat in opposite parts of the room, but when they addressed each other it was in the friendliest and most sympathetic terms. Both ladies, and particularly Mrs. Thompson, were taken unawares, and the latter seemed to understand that she had been entrapped by her friends, and the time had come for her to tell what she knew of the distressing occurrence at the St. Clair Hotel on the afternoon and night of the 28th of last November. Yet the lady hesitated to give her version of the affair, and it was only obtained after a series of questions, some of which she left unanswered. During the interview, which lasted for more than an hour, Mrs. Davis and her mother would interject interesting points which had not yet been brought out. Mrs. T. said that she went with her husband to Cincinnati on Monday, Nov. 27, and they stopped at the Burnet House. Mr. Thompson wrote a note to Jessie Buckner, requesting her to call at the hotel, which she did and took supper with them. Phil ordered his wife's baggage sent to the St. Clair Hotel, and before he departed for Washington his better half left with Jessie Buckner for her rooms at the St. Clair.

"On Tuesday morning Jessie and I went shopping and met Walter Davis. He said he had just come from Harrodsburg. Miss Buckner told him where we were stopping, and invited him to call. His card was sent up about lunch time, and when we emerged from the dining-room he walked to the parlor with us. While we were there Miss Buckner excused herself to go down to the drug store and get some Apollinaris water, and we went up to her room. Was there harm any in that? Walter Davis and I had known each other for years. His family and ours were on most intimate terms. We traded at his grocery, and whenever I needed any money my husband always told me to go and get it of Walter Davis. When Jessie returned I was sitting at the piano playing. Presently a card came up for her, and upon it was the name of M. T. Threlkeld, of Harrodsburg, who wanted to see Miss Buckner. The young woman looked at it and contemptuously threw it aside, with the remark, 'I wish every striped pants galoot from Harrodsburg wouldn't come to see Miss Buckner. I am tired of it and won't see him.' Walter Davis went down town with me to telegraph to my little daughter that I wouldn't be home that night. He didn't tell me there was a wreck on the road. My husband didn't tell me when I should go home, but before I left him he gave me some money to do my shopping.

"We went to the St. Nicholas to get some oysters and returned to the hotel at 5 o'clock. I was not drunk and the story of the champagne bottle is an infamous lie. I had on a dress with only two small pockets, and where could I carry wine in them? Walter Davis had purchased three tickets for the theatre that night—for Miss Buckner, me and himself—but Jessie said she had an engagement and didn't go. She offered no protest against my going, but rather insisted upon it, and made the significant remark that she

was a sound sleeper, and it might be hard to wake her when we returned.

I arranged my own toilet and Walter Davis called for me and requested Miss Buckner to go with us, as he had a ticket for her, but she persisted in her declination. I believe the theatre was Robinson's Opera-house. But about 9 o'clock I was taken ill and we went back to the hotel. We tried the door of Jessie Buckner's room, but could not wake her. Mr. Davis said: 'There is some one in there. Come to my room and sit by the fire.' The day was cold and it had been snowing during the afternoon and night. I accompanied Mr. Davis to his apartment as entirely innocent of any wrong. He turned up the gas and we chatted by the fire for perhaps an hour. As God is my judge, Walter Davis was not guilty of any wrong. We had hard work the second time to get into Jessie's room, but at last she got up and let me in. The story that I fell helpless on the floor is a falsehood. I took my jewelry off, put it in my jewelry case, placed it under the pillow and went to bed. Jessie Buckner didn't disturb herself at all on my account. Early the next morning I took the train for Harrodsburg, and chatted pleasantly with a number of lady friends whom I met on the route. This is the story of the occurrence at the St. Clair Hotel, and my husband killed an innocent man."

"Do you think there was any one in Jessie Buckner's room the night of the occurrence at the St. Clair, Mrs. Thompson?"

"I most certainly do, and I know who it was, but I dare not reveal the name."

Mrs. Thompson spoke in the kindest terms of Phil Thompson, Sr., and his wife, whom she said had ever treated her kindly, and always said they didn't believe her guilty. Jessie Buckner and John Thompson she declared were the authors of the trouble. "I feel sorry for Phil. I didn't want him punished, but I desired that my fair name should not be sullied and an innocent man held guilty of a heinous crime." The unfortunate lady spoke in touching terms of her children, and particularly her daughter Mattie, in school at Washington City. She showed the reporter a letter from Mattie, dated May 27, in which she told her mama to write often, as she loved her so dearly and was so anxious to see her again.

"My daughter knows why I went to Washington to see her father, and she still stands by her mother."

She would say nothing against her husband, whom she spoke of in the kindest manner, and thought he was prompted to kill Walter Davis by bad advisers.

As TOLD BY THE HERO.—The following is an extract from a letter written from Texas by a young man formerly of Macon to a friend here: "The other night I went into a saloon where there were eight cow boys who had just got in from a long drive. They crowded around me and asked me to set 'em up. Just out of politeness I set 'em up. When they got through they asked me to set 'em up again, and I refused. They crowded around me, evidently taking me for a sucker, and swore they'd eat me up. I stood my ground and told them if they would let the bartender hold their pistols I'd try 'em a few rounds. Then they took out their weapons and gave them to the bartender, and in ten minutes I had whipped all eight of them. They saw I wasn't to be fooled with and we shook hands. Every time I meet a cow boy now he takes off his hat to me." —[Macon Telegraph.]

"There is something about your daughter," Mr. Wangrop said reflectively; "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thadepod, "there is; I had noticed it myself. It comes every night at 8 o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about 11 o'clock. And some of these evenings I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it."

It takes a 'oman five times as long ter git in ter bed as it does a man.

She has ter cross de flo' a certain num-

ber ob times, ar' has ter fumble 'mou-

de quile, turn down de lamp too low,

an' den go back an' turn it up too

high. A 'oman walks mighty light

when she's got shoes on, but when she

takes 'em off an' walks, she shakes de

whole house, like a dog trottin' cross

a hridge. —[Arkansas Traveler.]

When a lady living Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered the M. D., "I happen to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."

A Lake Shore locomotive struck Levi Hurst just as he was in the act of taking a drink from a whisky bottle, while standing on the track. He lodged on the pilot and rode in that position to the next town, where his bruises received attention.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denning's New Discovery for piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient cerebral study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Alexander Plummer, of Monroe, Ind., says he regards Brown's Expectorant the best rough remedy he has ever used. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

About two-thirds of all who go to an untimely

grave die with the dread disease, consumption.

Brown's Expectorant has cured every case it has been tried on where the disease has not been allowed to run beyond the control of medicine. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber,

Mt. Vernon.

To the Democracy of Kentucky.

The State Central Committee issues

the following address: "The State

Central Committee, in discharge of

the trust confided to it by the late con-

vention, deems it appropriate to ad-

dress to you a few words relative to

the duties which devolve upon every

member of the organization. A State

ticket has been presented for your sup-

port in the recognized form, against

no member of which ought to be

ashamed, thereby adding personal recom-

mendation to the formal endorsement

and authority of the party. It be-

hooves, therefore, every democrat to

see to it that the prestige of democratic

victory is not impaired by a reduc-

tion in our hitherto well-earned ma-

jorities, through the lukewarmness of

indifference of a single voter. The

over-confidence which results from an

assured majority is apt to engender a

neglect of the exercise of the high pre-

rogative of the elective franchise, and

when once this becomes habitual, dan-

ger to our dearest rights is imminent.

Our appeal therefore to the vigilant

exercise of your right as voters is

made from the higher plane of duty

as citizens, as well as from the obliga-

tion which attaches to you as members

of a party organization co-extensive

with the Union. The campaign which

lies before us, to close on the first

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - June 5, 1883

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Col. T. L. Jones' name was withdrawn on the final ballot before the State Convention by his acknowledged leader, who at the same time moved to make Mr. Knott's nomination unanimous, and the further fact that Col. Jones himself, twenty-four hours later, when he knew as much about the matter as he does now, accepted with becoming grace the result of the convention and promised his support to its nominees, he is now parading before the public as a very badly treated individual, and in an interview intimates that if his friends wish it he will declare himself in the field in opposition to the regular nominee. We do not see the least room at this late day for Col. Jones to kick. His time, if ever, was while the convention was in session, but his opportunity is past and we are sorry to see him allow his chagrin and disappointment to get away with his calmer judgment. He has always been a consistent and true democrat and stands before the country as a man without reproach. There was a growing feeling among those who imagined that he was treated unfairly, to press him the stronger for the next U. S. Senatorship, but if he persists in crying fraud and raising a row, he is doomed forever politically. Should he run against the nominee, he might reduce the democratic majority, but he and Morrow together would not get near so many votes as Knott, and he would only have the chagrin of seeing himself worse "set down" upon than Jacob was in the Appellate Clerkship race. His only chance of political preferment lies in a submission to the acts of the constituted authorities, confident that if he has been wronged, the right will finally prevail and his reward be bestowed.

We print on our first page an honest, straightforward statement from Mrs. Phil Thompson, as to what happened in Cincinnati on the night of Nov. 28th, and its truth will strike every fair minded man with force. We have never believed her guilty of the sin charged against her and but for the venomous tongue of Jessie Buckner, Walter Davis would be alive today and Phil Thompson would have had no reason to resort to the whitewashing of a court, that not only expressed sympathy for him from the bench, but ruled in his favor and against the Commonwealth on every important point. Surely Mrs. Thompson's testimony was as relevant as John B. Thompson's, yet the judge allowed the one and refused the other. The letter of Mrs. Walter Davis recently published and Mrs. Thompson's statement have revived public interest in the dreadful affair and the newspapers and people are more outspoken as to the murder than before. We hope it will be kept continually before the public mind, and that if Phil Thompson has any twinges of conscience over his deed, it may grow to haunt him, till his dying day.

CONGRESSMAN YEATES, of North Carolina, says there is not the least bit of doubt that his State will cast her electoral vote for a democratic President in 1884. The coalition is a thing of the dead past. Defeat killed it on the first round and it is dead for good. No political movement that is placed simply upon a desire to get office can live long. Success kept Mahone afloat for a time in Virginia, but his recent defeat drove the nail in his political coffin. His forces will never rally to another organized attempt to carry the State. With Virginia in the line, the prospect is that the South will as usual cast her vote for a democratic president.

The Daaville Advocate very sensibly remarks that the upholding of the shot gun policy by the Courier Journal in the Thompson case and the abuse of the pardoning power when placed in the hands of such men as Dr. Blackburn, has created the mob spirit in Kentucky and caused people to lose confidence in the law.

A cut of the new Governor General of Canada adorns the columns of the pictorial press. He succeeds the Marquis of Lorne, and while he is known as the Marquis of Lansdowne, his real name is Charles Keith Fitzmaurice. Although but 38, he is spoken of as a man of great administrative ability.

A POST OFFICE in Georgia has been named Langtry, in honor of the derry Lily, and now if some body will name his jackass Gebhardt, in honor of Freddie, the external fitness of names would be much better illustrated.

THE Star route trials commenced a year ago Friday, and as several of the government lawyers get from \$50 to \$150 per day they are likely to go on for a year or two more.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Ninety-one years ago, Friday, Kentucky was admitted into the Union of States.

The coinage of the various mints for May was \$1,721,200, of which \$1,370,000 were standard dollars.

Robert Smith, one of the brothers who killed the two Cecil brothers at Hellenwood, Tenn., was killed Friday while resisting arrest.

C. N. Headburn, Secretary of the Knights of Honor, Louisville, is short in his accounts with the order, having made no return since January last.

Mrs. Susan E. Douglass, aged twenty-seven, cut the throats of her three little boys in Cumberland County, Pa., and then killed herself. She was insane.

The Ohio republican committee will not postpone the State Convention to await the decision in the Scott liquor-tax law, and it will be held to-day and tomorrow.

It is announced that the decrease of the public debt for May is about \$1,800,000. The bond redemption during the month was \$10,500,000; payments on account of pensions, \$12,000,000.

The five leading iron mills of Cincinnati, Newport and Covington, have closed, the proprietors refusing to sign the scale presented by the workmen. Between 4,000 and 5,000 people are left idle.

There are forty-six newspapers in Indiana in favor of a renomination of the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks, and there is a report that Gov. Hendricks has said he would again accept the second place.

General G. P. Buell died in Nashville, Friday afternoon, from the effects of a surgical operation, performed three weeks since, combined with heart disease. He was a first cousin of General Don Carlos Buell.

Henry Jackson was found dead at Atlanta, Ala., with a bullet in his brain and four aces and a king in his hand. The murderer, a man named McNamee, seeing Jackson's hand, shot him and made off with the stakes.

Elodie Miller, of Lexington, has been found guilty of manslaughter, and will go to the penitentiary for thirteen years. She was charged with being an accessory with John Smith in the murder of Maria Smith, wife of John Smith went to the penitentiary for eighteen years.

Frank Adams, the man who blew open the safe of Redman & Dawson, at New Haven, was afterward arrested by Marshal Hunter, was given a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. He is held on three other charges, and will in all probability serve the State for some time.

A double execution occurred at Marion Ga., Friday, which had the novel feature of having a grand stand erected in front of the gallows. Reserved seats were sold in the stand at \$1 each, and the Mayor of the town has levied the usual show license of \$100 on the owner of the stand.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DALSTON, LONDON, E. May 17, 1883
Dear Interior:

Marie and I enjoyed the privilege of taking tea with Dr. Parker, at Highgate Park, this evening. I count it one of my chief London joys that I have been permitted to sit at his feet many times to hear the "good tidings of great joy." Dr. Parker is the preacher of London, and knows a sweeter gospel than any other minister in this great metropolis, if I know what the gospel is. The occasion of our visit was an invitation given from the pulpit at his regular Thursday noon service, to ministers and their wives who would like to call between 4 and 6 o'clock for a social reunion. It is a sort of May reception that he has kept up for years. Finding, upon inquiry, that strollers like myself come without any strain on courtesy, Marie and I hastened in due time to hunt his place of residence. Our first mishap was a misdirection from one of his deacons, who wrote upon a slip of paper Highgate New Park, instead of Highgate Park. Of course we were lost, and after getting off at the right railway station, wandered about like babies in the woods, until flushed and wearied we at last found North Holton—the Doctor's lovely suburban villa—and were received heartily by the great man himself, whom we found strolling about his beautiful grounds in a Scotch cap and plain black suit, and as genial socially as he is grand clerically. We had never seen him out of his gown, but in five minutes we felt as much at home as if we had known him for years. He has a tender side for Americans, remembering the kindnesses received in successive visits across the great water. Mrs. Parker is very like our cousin Eliza Aikin, of Danville; a queenly woman in face and figure, and worthy to share the Doctor's greatness. The villa is in keeping—a lovely spot, 7 acres in extent, beautifully laid out, with shrubbery lawn, stately forest trees, climbing banks, shady walks, orchard and kitchen garden complete. All this beauty is doomed, though, for the Doctor's lease expires in 5 years, and the builder's plans for a street and double row of houses running right through the lovely spot, are already made up. Our host communicated our misfortunes in finding the place, took the slip of paper his deacon had given us, as written evidence against him, and with a merry twinkle assured us he would "blow blimsky high" for his blunder. Then leaving me with a knot of his clerical friends, he took Marie away to show her the grounds and have a chat. Instead of following their example and admiring the grass and flowers, we "clerical brethren" had a theological discussion, of course, which left us, as it always does, worse than it found us. Happily it was brief, for tea was soon handed around as we sat in groups on the velvet lawn, which was duly discussed and argued far more than the previous discussion. We took leave, charmed with our delightful visit. Mrs. P. was suffering with a bad cold and did not venture out, but we had a pleasant interview in the drawing-room.

"What do you think Miss Barnes called our lawn, my dear?" The Doctor inquired of his wife, with a comical look. "You would

never guess. She called it a 'yard'! I was proud of it once; I shall be proud of it no more; a 'yard'!"

It seems that in England that obnoxious title is only applied to larm-yards, foul-yards and the like. The good man laughed heartily as he repeated Marie's *farce*, while we stoutly maintained the correctness of our American application of the word.

We never miss the Thursday noon services, if we can possibly be there. Right in the heart of busy London, this dear man of God attracts to the City Temple to hear a sermon, a large congregation of business men, who take time to listen an hour, in the very midst of the day's work, to the gospel of the grace of God. I doubt much whether even Mr. Spurgeon could do this. And Dr. Parker has succeeded in this year and year out. This single fact tells what a man he is. He never disappoints the most extravagant expectation.

Now everything stands on age in this "Old England." Across the way is a sign of the public debt for May is about \$1,800,000. The bond redemption during the month was \$10,500,000; payments on account of pensions, \$12,000,000.

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A double execution occurred at Marion Ga., Friday, which had the novel feature of having a grand stand erected in front of the gallows. Reserved seats were sold in the stand at \$1 each, and the Mayor of the town has levied the usual show license of \$100 on the owner of the stand.

The "Bell Tavern" at Edmonton, famous for John Gilpin's break-neck ride, is still a famous tavern and will be to the end of the world. It is no charming sight to see these dead things of buried centuries living again.

I have spoken of the nimble ponies from Wales and Sudolk and far-off Russia, that swear in coster-monger and butcher and poultier and fish stores, the city over; and the monstrous creatures from the Clyde and Yorkshire and Normandy, that drag slowly about the prodigious loads of the coal and lime cart. Greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than that existing between vehicles and native power, as past a great 4-wheel, broad-tired thundering van, with its two or four or six great lump of horse-dish, trips the rattling pony-chaise, or the butcher's 2-wheel vehicle drawn by a brisk pony scarcely larger than a Shetland, but fleet of foot and with a will of his own, so graphically described in "Whisker," of the "Curiosity Shop" by that master sketcher of London life, Charles Dickens. I see "Whisker" every day a hundred times.

But there is a finer phase of horse flesh than either of these, "Botten Bow" is the place to see it. This is the savoury name, connoisseurs say, that comes by the name of the wonderful riding and driving place on earth. Great riders and drivers are these English kinfolk of ours. Any day, when the weather is fine, one can get a chair for a penny, and from an advantageous point of view, can watch hour after hour the thousands that go by in an uninterrupted stream. To one who loves to look at a good horse, as I do, the place has superlative charms. There is no animal on earth superior to the English thoroughbred, and here we have them in perfection. For London there at this time holds most of the aristocracy who later on will scatter into the country, and the glorious animals that will in due season be galloping after the pack of "country" principles. And neither the *"Union"* principles, nor any of the rest of 'em could have put a ticket in the field that would have stood the ghost of a chance of success. We are all "loyal" and no mistake.

—Prof. Alonzo Tripp, of Boston, delivered his celebrated lecture on Napoleon III, in the Chapel Bell Seminary, on Tuesday evening. The lecture was a brilliant and instructive treatise on a comprehensive and condensed biography of Prince Louis Napoleon, including his escapades of Simplon, outside the great breeds in brewery wagons, without tail tails. In this, as in all else, conservatism reigns. The gentlemen wear plug hats, dark sack or frock coats, and generally with both whip and spur; saddles, the English "pig skin," no martingales, but double reins with scaffle and curb bits.

The ladies have close fitting riding habits of navy blue, skirts not so long as the American garment, with neat little awnings to just touching the horse's back, plaid hat also, with veil attached, jacket buttoned close up the throat and daintily whipped in hand. The horses are well turned out, and when there are other grooms to be gotten out of a horse so much pleasanter than a trot; until I remember that just such short-tailed horses and just such trotting grooms obtained in the times of the Cavaliers, and for aught I know, when William the Conqueror came over, and must be kept up to the end of time. I wonder if saying so often as they do, "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," has crystallized the character of this wonderful people, until they have reached the point where they are morally incapable of a change? I sometimes think it.

But Bottes Bow is grand for all that.

Men and women spring in their stirrups with every motion of the horse, and a girl down on the saddle with one or two legs according to weight and training, and the first impression a stranger has in the midst of all this bobbing up and down is of the alertness of the rider.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, — June 5, 1883

I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	1:15 P. M.
Express train South	2:00 P. M.
Express train North	2:27 A. M.
Northbound mail train	7:30 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUT PAINTS of Penny & McAllister.
Fishing Tackle at McRoberts & Stagg's.
New stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAllister's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg's.

All the colors of Diamond Dyes at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Genuine R. F. Gravely tobacco at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Joe Haas Log Cholera Cure. Penny & McAllister sell agents.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

You will find new cabbage and strawberries and every thing else you want at J. T. Harris'.

Get your Soda Water, Ica cold and pure, from the new fountain of Penny & McAllister.

ALL notes and accounts due the firm of J. H. & S. H. Shanks not settled by June 15th, 1883, will be placed in the hands of officer, S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. A. R. PENNY and Miss Hallie are at Alum Springs.

W. R. WILLIAMS, of Hustonville, was with us yesterday.

Mrs. MATTIE DINWIDDIE is visiting Miss Daisy Burdette.

Mrs. SEASIDE J. YEAGER, of Boyle county, is visiting Mrs. I. M. Brice.

Col. D. W. Jones, of Danville, paid us a pleasant visit yesterday.

Mrs. UTHAM DUNN, of Hustonville, is visiting Mrs. Dr. Clifton Fowler.

Mrs. CARRIE STAGG, of Harrodsburg, is the guest of Miss Rose Richards.

Mrs. SALLIE ENGLEMAN, of Danville, is visiting at Mr. B. Van Arsdale's.

Mrs. MAGGIE EBBERT, of Crab Orchard, the guest of Mrs. G. D. Hopper.

Mrs. JENNIE HUNCAN, of Lancaster, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. C. Warren.

Mrs. LELIA LYNN, of Louisville, is visiting at her father's, Ed. S. H. King.

Judge K. M. BURDITT, of Lancaster, was seeing after the telephone line yesterday.

Mrs. LUCILLE TAYLOR wife and daughter of Fayette, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Will Craig.

Mrs. E. R. CHENAULT has returned from Fort Scott, Kansas, after an absence of several months.

SQUIRE W. E. CARSON, Trustee for the Female College, came up from Louisville to attend the Commencement.

In W. R. PENNY went to Louisville yesterday, for the purpose of being examined before the State Dental Board.

Mrs. W. C. OLIVER and W. R. Anthony, Agents for an interesting book entitled, "Error's Chains," are here to interest our citizens.

REV. J. S. SIMS and wife, of Flemingsburg, and Miss Julia Lovell, the little Mayville beauty, are over to attend the Commencement.

Mrs. LUCILLE MCKINNEY has returned from Daughters College, Harrodsburg, where she has just graduated with many honors. She is a young lady of unusually bright mind and very attractive both in person and manners.

AT THE art exhibition of Hamilton College, we notice that Misses Annie Logan, Dollie Williams and Emma Peyton, of this county, contributed paintings of their own execution, which were highly complimented by the Lexington papers.

THE Kentucky Bar Association will hold its second annual meeting in Louisville June 23rd. Judge George Denney, Jr. is the only advertised speaker from this section and he is to respond to a toast "The Nature and Uses of the Law." We should think he might be able to distinguish himself with such a subject as that.

LOCAL MATTERS.

PACKAGE coffee 15 cents per lb. at H. C. Bright's.

Ice cream and strawberries at all hours at S. S. Myers.

Born to the wife of W. K. Buchanan on the 1st, a 12-pound boy.

Tony the "Lightning Fruit Jar," best now made. For sale only by H. C. Bright.

CALM and examine my new spring-bottom and also the new patent box mattresses. R. K. Wearen.

JUST arrived, a nice assortment of fresh candies, plain and fancy, oranges, lemon, cakes, &c. S. S. Myers.

J. W. HAYDEN has received a nice new lot of Spring Clothing. Hadn't you better go and get a bargain of him?

Tony received a lot of fine carriages and buggies, equal to the best that are made. Call and see them. Geo. D. Wearen.

GEN. LANDRUM is about to lose his official head by the reduction of the Revenue Collector's districts. The Mayville district is also put down in the black list.

PHLETON FOR SALE.—An elegant new Phleton, latest style, has been used only 1 or 2 times. My children sleep at school and have no use for it. Will sell it cheap. T. T. Davies.

OLD COIN.—Mr. G. Vannoy gave us a rare old coin yesterday. He plowed it up in a field that had not been cultivated for over thirty years. It was made by the United States in 1803 and is a copper half-cent piece. On one side is a woman's head surmounted by the word "LIBERTY," underneath the figures 1803 and on the other side "United States of America," Half-Cent 1-200.

THE O. & M.—Mr. E. R. Chenault, who frequently has occasion to go West, speaks a good word for the O. & M. R. R. He has tried nearly all the lines, but finds that for speed, safety, certainty of making connections and general good management, it is the best road in the business. A solemn resolution has therefore been entered by him that the O. & M., and no other, shall get his ducats in the futura.

SADLER'S grain crickets at W. H. Higgins'.

We have for sale 30,000 shingled shingles. Bruce, Warren & Co.

If you want the best super two-ply wool carpets go to J. W. Hayden's.

COME and see the latest designs in China Glass and Queensware at H. C. Bright's.

FOR SALE—A handsome residence will sell very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

The bottom has dropped out of canned goods. Come and get the figures by case or by dozen. H. C. Bright.

REMEMBER we make a specialty of Flour, Meal and Bacon. Low figures for goods in quantity. H. C. Bright.

THE road-bed iron, depots and sidetracks of the Louisville Extension from London to Jellico, the State line, cost \$2,000,000. There are twenty-five bridges between the two points.

BONHILL delivered his usual harangue yesterday but fortunately we didn't have time to hear it. Mr. Hill followed in a short speech but declined to answer the many threatening propositions of his opponent.

—Mr. Sims, of Marion, bought of A. T. Nunneley an aged mule for \$150; of John Cash for \$165 and of Geo. Alfurd 1 for \$175.

—J. W. Alcorn sold the Napier land between town and Richmond J. Darst at \$57 per acre. There are 321 acres.

COURT COUNTRY.—A fair crowd in town but very few cattle. Capt. Bush says all the sales were made privately at about 5 to 50 cents. No horses or mules.

—J. H. Paxton, special commissioner, sold 123 acres of land lying near the Casey line, belonging to the estate of W. J. Moore, to Emmett McCormack yesterday for \$1,244.25.

—W. M. Hall sold to J. C. Fox 40 head of 150 lb. sheep at 54 cts. and three cows weighing together 2,800 lbs. at 34 cts. He also sold to Mr. Phillips a steer for \$70 weight 1,200 lbs.

—Master Commissioner, W. G. Welch, sold J. M. Holmes' steam sawmill yesterday to W. G. Proctor for \$680 cash. 62 acres of land near McKinley to J. Walker Given at \$22.10 and the equity of redemption in 150 acres of Green River land belonging to Newton Smith for \$300 to W. H. Miller.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - June 5, 1883

HIGH-PRICED CHICKENS.
An Incident of Sherman's March to the Sea.

Gov. Murray, of Utah Territory, tells a laughable story of his experiences in the Georgia march to the sea, which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the Governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subside off the country as we went along, and we naturally took the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to kick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered as officers' meat, and, as we were internally hungry, we went for these old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's yell clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeon in to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was all about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a basket of Confederate bonds for her fence, and see if that won't stop her.' Acting on this hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a Confederate train the day before with \$4,000,000 of Confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about 2 cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars in an old carpet-sack and marched into the house.

"Madam," said I, opening the sack, "I'll give you \$50,000 to quit this noise." It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the packages of money on the table, and I never saw such a delighted woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: 'Gen. Sherman presents his compliments and \$100,000.' I never in my life saw such a pleased old woman, and I wound up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed females I could not be outdone by any man living.

"She invited the officers to supper, and she cooked every chicken on the ranch, and set out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old coon came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. 'Sarah,' said he, 'where in blazes did you get all this durned truck?'

"A present from Gen. Sherman," said she.

"Tain't worth a continental cent; they're kindlin' fires with it down at New Orleans."

"The old woman rose up, fiercer as white as your shirt front, and her eyes wasn't pleasant to meet."

"So you are the bulk that gave me this, are you?" she called out, reaching for the broom,

"The entire mess rose and started from the house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that Confederate money. If it would bring 100 cents on the dollar at the Treasury Department, Washington." - *Salt Lake Tribune.*

CHEERFUL NON-GIVERS.

Mr. A., a vestryman of — parish, listened to a missionary statement of the work of a new mission in a destitute neighborhood. "It's a good work," said he, "a very good work. I'll give \$1 to help it on." The next day Mr. A. went on a pleasure trip to a distant city, stopped at a first-class hotel, and roamed around to see various parts of interest. The trip cost him \$100.

Mrs. B. took out of her purse 50 cents to buy some coal for a poor widow's family in a back street, but left in the other compartment of the purse a \$10 bill that was to be used for buying some trimming for a new dress.

Mrs. C. was very much interested in paying off the church debt. She finally concluded that she could afford to give \$10; but finding that the ring she was about purchasing was more expensive than she first thought, changed her gift to the church to \$5. The other \$5 went to help pay for the ring.

Dr. D. told the committee who called upon him that he really could not give more than 50 cents each week toward the rector's salary. He thought \$25 a year a very generous allowance for him; but he sent home the same day a few ornaments, for which his wife was puzzled for house-room. The ornaments cost \$25.

The roof of the parsonage leaked badly, and the clergymen reported that the health of his family was suffering from the dampness thus occasioned throughout the house; but the people were so slow in repairing it that the winter was one of great discomfort to the clergyman's family. During the winter the rector was invited to live parties given by his parishioners, the expense of which would have put the dilapidated rectory in complete repair. — *Pacific Church-*

—

Wife! — "My dear, do you not think Johnny has a wonderful genius for drawing?"

Husband! — "I do, indeed."

Wife! — "Perfectly remarkable. It seems to me we should be guilty of willfully flying in the face of Providence if we did not recognize the fact in selecting a professor for him. Mr. Virgil Williams, the picture-maker, assures me that all Johnny needs is instruction."

Husband! — "Just my idea; and I mean to apprentice him to a corner grocery for instruction in drawing molasses."

W. — "Oh, you inglorious man."

H. — "Oh, you adorable woman."

RIGHT or wrong, the opponents of compulsory vaccination in England are in earnest. More than 250,000 tracts and other publications have been issued and circulated by the London Society during the past twelve months.

Whoever is an imitator by nature, choice or necessity has nothing stable; the flexibility which affords this attitude is inconsistent with strength.

PERSIAN THEATRICALS.

It is fortunate that theater-goers at home do not take to heart the tragedies that are placed upon the English stage so much as the Persians, who, according to a writer, not only shed tears at the actors narrate the death of the Prophet, the martyrdom of Aly, and other incidents in the history of Mohammedan Islam, but how pitifully as they leave the theater, pull each other's hair, and run knives into themselves with despair. These representations are styled "tearizes," and they take place during the religious festival of the Moharrum, being got up by the wealthy people with the double object of propitiating the Deity and making a display of their rich tapestries and jewels on the stage.

The representations are held either in the court yards of their houses, or upon the public squares, the personages of importance viewing them from the windows of the houses, while the crowd gathers round the improvised stage, "camels at rest." Ushers, armed with heavy wands, go round to maintain order, and ladies with pipes to hire, and water and cakes to sell, drive out their stock phrase until the story-teller, followed by six chorister boys, mounts the stage. His business is to prepare the audience for the representation by telling them stories relative to deaths of the fanatics, and, in order to produce a more powerful effect upon them, he introduces his story with frequent groans and tears, finally throwing down his turban, tearing open his dress and driving his nails into his chest. His despair moves the whole of the audience to tears, and then descends from the stage with a bottle, and, sopping up their tears with a piece of cotton wool, bresses them into it—one of these tears, in the opinion of the Persians, being sufficient to save the life of a patient who has been given up by the doctors. This prologue over, the actors appear, and the drama begins, with the result described above.

These, however, are not the only plays in the Persian repertory, the two other kinds being "temehas" and "karaquez," of which the first named are farces or comedies, full of illusions more or less broad, and improvised by the "Lontys," who are professional dancers and musicians. These "Lontys" are often accompanied by dancing girls, and even by monkeys and bears, and they grime themselves with soot and flour. The "karaquez" is very much like our "Lenten" and "Judy," the character of Punch being taken by Keteh Fehlavan, who is invariably represented as bald, and whose favorite occupation is to deceive the Molahs by pretending to piety. After having depicted to the Molahs in very glowing terms the charms of religious life and the pleasures reserved to good Musulmans in another world, he begins to sing aucteonic songs until the poor Molah, golden rod, radiant above the fence, willows nodding by the streams, Lombardy poplars, stiff-backed and defiant, like the soldiers that have so often desolated these fertile lands, soma (small and nutrify), large oaks, whitewoods and walnut trees, tansy, campanula, mullein, angelica, water lilies, wild asters, vervain, bouncing bet, yarrow, the woodbine, honeysuckle, and many others. The "karaquez" is very much like our "Lenten" and "Judy," the character of Punch being taken by Keteh Fehlavan, who is invariably represented as bald, and whose favorite occupation is to deceive the Molahs by pretending to piety. 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